

Simargl

by Jrosethehuntress

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Summary: A young Huntress is summoned to the frigid plains of Russia in order to rid a town of a creature that preys upon it's citizens. A former God turned demon with sinister plans for the world begins a dangerous game with this young newcomer. However, a greater threat looms over both of their heads, forcing them to work together. Does a mysterious journal have anything to do with it?

Simargl

****AN:** What's this? A new, completely unrelated fanfiction to the series I'm working on currently? Ooops xD Don't you worry, I plan to return to my other one as soon as the inspiration hits me! This FanFic is actually based off of a roleplay I am currently doing with my favorite Russia RPer ****solnechnyisneg**** featuring my own muse Victoria Kirkland aka Northern Ireland shamrockprincessofsevenwaters This is Human Alt History AU with fantasy elements and features stories from Russian fairy tales and folklore as well as semi accurate references to the Depression and WWII. There will be a T rating for now, but it may or may not go up to M so keep an eye out. I do not own these characters! Alright, enough chit chat, onwards with the story!******

Victoria sat perched on the rooftop, eyes searching the townscape for any sign of movement. Her position was crouched, ready to pounce or run at a moment's notice. The villagers had followed her instructions to the T, all doors and windows were locked and the lights were turned off. No matter what sounds they heard tonight, not one soul was to leave their house. Even the crickets and the night birds were silent, as if the world held it's breath for the upcoming battle that was to happen- should the creature make an appearance tonight. She clutched the holy amulet to her chest, tonight she would rid this town of a foul creature once and for all.

As she has done many times before.

Ten years now she's hunted the creatures of darkness, having only just reached her twentieth year. Not that she ever celebrated her birthdays anymore, even when her mentor would insist on taking her out for a meal she was hardly ever 'glad to have survived another year.' There were so few Hunters these days, less people who relied on their services these days now that they had modern technology, less apprentices who survived their training years. The thought made her scowl in frustration.

The world was still licking its wounds after the bloodiest, most horrifying war ended. A war that waged on for thirty years in her mind, beginning even before she was born and ending before she had turned eighteen. With the world's foundations being shaken to its core, many innocent lives were changed or destroyed completely. Leaving them open and exposed to the various forces of darkness that thrived on the chaos. It was December 13th, 1947, in the town of Murmansk, Russia, and Victoria was on a very peculiar job.

When she first received the summons, she was a tad wary about the location from the get go. Even as a standard, the Hunter Association claimed no affiliation or allegiance to any political cause or banner, the Soviet Union was not a friendly place for them. The money they made with each job went to secret personal accounts each senior hunter earned at the time of their graduation, on the basis that they pay dues to the Association every year. Their way of life, needless to say, wasn't all that favorable in the eyes of the reds. But, she took the job regardless.

After all, she had gained a reputation as one of the best, and most efficient hunters the Association has ever trained. Not many people knew of where she came from, or why she hunted with a chilling maliciousness no matter what job or creature she faced. As if it were any of their business. 'Mother Russia' sure as hell wasn't going to keep her away from her duties.

However, when she had first arrived to this frigid country, her first instincts were ones of Well, bewilderment. What bodies she did find were hardly bodies at all, merely scraps of tissue, bone and blood. While at first she thought 'Werewolf' by the teeth marks, everything else just didn't add up; no tracks within ten feet of the victim, and to add to her confusion, scorch marks.

From what little the villagers had told her, they believed this to be some sort of deity, a god. One who had an affinity for fire, and a rather destructive appetite. The priests said that such a creature had been chained to the North Star Polaris for eons. To Vicky, she was nothing but skeptical. It was after she had learned this rather dodgy story that she gave the order to the villager. In all her past experience with 'gods,' it had all been another monster to kill.

Why should this be different?

Ivan, however, was not one of those villagers who decided to heed the Hunter's call. After all, why should the supernatural frighten him when he was one of those very creatures 'poisoning' the world? And there was something about the night that Ivan loved. That vast expanse of black sprinkled with the existence of twinkling stars. Every night it held Ivan's gaze, one day promising to be the witness for a grand spectacle. However, one star in particular could always steal his attention.

â€"Polaris.

For too long that star had been his infernal prison. But now with those pesky goddesses out of the picture, no longer would he find himself chained up, forced to stare endlessly at his prize so close, yet so far out of reach.

A strange presence loomed in the air and Ivan turned his head towards the rooftop where Victoria was perched, violet eyes narrowing slightly. Was this the one who had issued the order for the night? Interesting, very interesting. He wasn't exactly in the mood for a fight, but it was her move. Would she attempt to challenge him or leave him be?

>â€"Could she even tell what he was?<p>

Meanwhile, Victoria was starting to doubt that the creature would show up tonight. All of the sudden, she felt a presence watching her. Scanning along the streets, her green eyes watched for any movement, her crossbow at the ready just in case. When she didn't see anyone, she leapt from the roof and started walking towards the square. If there was anyone out there, they could not be friendlyâ€" She had to draw them out.

So, it looked like she wanted to come out and play after all, Ivan thought. He didn't know if he should commend her bravery or laugh at her foolishness, but the girl had done him no harmâ€"yet. And until she did, he was nothing but a simple villager who was unfortunate enough to miss the curfew, wandering the dangerous streets at night.

A moment was all he allowed himself to debate whether or not he would seek her out. He quickly summed up the pros and cons for each, trying to find any way possible to turn said cons into pros. She seemed like a rather fun person to meetâ€"perhaps easy enough to trick. And so he followed her right to the square, blinking in surprise when they finally crossed paths.

"Oh! Did you not hear the message? It is dangerous to be out this late! I am trying to get home before something bad happensâ€" Ivan exclaimed, feigning surprise.

Her reaction was to turn on her heel and reach for her weapon. However, just before she could draw, her quick reflexes registered that it was a human standing behind her. Her posture eased but she kept a hand on her weapon, just in case.

>Red hair, fierce green eyes, weaponâ€" Name? He would figure that out in time. Yes, this was definitely the same presence he felt sitting on the rooftop.<p>

"Or are you not afraidâ€"? Ah, are you the one who gave us all the message, by chance?"

She had assumed that the square was completely empty. Victoria's heart had jumped at the sudden sound of someone speaking to her, and it continued to race even as she let out a sigh.

"A Dhia, ye shouldna sneak up on folks like that mate! Aye, I am the Hunter summoned here. What are ye doing outside at this time?" she demanded the stranger. From the back of her mind, her instincts were

raging as she took in his appearance.

Pale, ashen blond hair that looked almost silvery white in the moonlight, tall, sturdy build that nearly dwarfed her own petite frame, and those eyesâ€ they gleamed a sharp violet. Violent, a peculiar color for a human though not entirely unheard of. Never that vibrant however. While his expression said innocence and slight fear, those peculiar eyes saidâ€ curiosity. Whoever this man was, he was not normalâ€ that much she knew.

"Forgive me!" Ivan said, holding up his hands to show he meant no harm. "I did not mean to scare you; I thought you might have heard me coming. Oh, wonderful! It feels much safer already!" Ivan smiled at the girl, taking a step closer and lowering his hands once he realised that he was safe. "Ah, I was travelling, and was not able to make it back in timeâ€ I am only now just returning. I was hoping to get home quickly before that creature came; it seems quiet so far. Perhaps I will be lucky?"

Her eyes narrowed slightly as he took a step closer, her finger twitching towards the trigger of her weapon on instinct. Everything about him seemed human, except his features. Never in her life had she seen violet eyes in any creature, human or not. And his story, travelling? Suspicious to say the least, she thought icily. They way he smiled even seemed fake, not quite reaching his eyes.

Ivan tilted his head, the curious glint in his eye never fading. Just how fast could she draw that bow if he decided to attack? If he had to guess, not fast enough. Hunter or not, no amount of training could have compared to his life experiences.

â€Even if he did spend a considerable amount of years attempting to break free from that damned star. If only he could have destroyed it; that would have been the icing on the cake. So what if Earth lost their North Star? It was a prison and nothing more.

"Ah, might I ask your name?"

"Victoria," she stated clearly after a moment, taking one step closer herself, "what is yer name? And where have ye been travelling from?" she asked, testing for holes in his story. The raging instincts in the back of her head grew stronger, her hairs on the back of her neck raising as adrenaline started to kick in.

"Well, then it is nice to meet you, Victoria!" he said, smiling still. "You may call me Ivan, da? As for where I have been travelling from, are you familiar yet with the layout of this country? I know you have not been here longâ€ Though I am sure you are at least aware of the distance between where we are now and St. Petersburg? It is not a quick trip by any means. I had intended on arriving earlier, but I was held up for a few hours which is why I am getting back so late now. I recommend going for yourself someday if you have not already."

Her eyebrow quirked slightly at his story, a small smile gracing her lips. Okay, she'll play along- for now. To show that she accepted his story, she eased her posture further and removed her hand from her weapon, instead propping both on her hips.

"Aye, I've heard of St. Petersburg. I intend to visit there before I

return. After I've gotten to the bottom of these murders." She chose her words carefully, gauging to see how he'd react.

"I would have been more surprised if you said you had not heard about it; it is a very famous city, after all. Quite the history it has, too. And that is good! The city has much to offer; you will not be disappointed, I promise." At the mention of them being murders rather than attacks, Ivan tilted his head. "Murders? Do you think a human could have done something like that? I thought we were under attack by some creature! Ah, now I must be wary of everybody I come acrossâ€|? Who would kill somebody in cold blood like thatâ€|?"

â€"Yes, what a strange world they lived in.

She smiled when he spoke of the attacks, she had chosen her words as such for a reason. "If it were only so simple, Ivan. No, no human can do what this being has done. If it were just a simple murder ye'd hardly need me. No, these people died horribly and savagely, but they died at the hands of something smart. That is what makes these deaths murders." It was one of her philosophies that the creatures she hunted be treated as if they were people, unless proven otherwise as mindless beasts. That was why she was so good at finding and destroying her prey. Find the motive, find the killer.

His eyes flickered to the weapon at her side, though from the way she hesitated, it was obvious that she believed him. At least for now. The suspicion was clear enough in those emerald eyes of hers, but it was flirting with danger, as they said, that kept things interesting. For some time now he had been living quietly here and having this girl ruin it was the last thing he was looking for.

Lucky for him that humans were just so fragile~

"Ye should be going home, I will escort ye if ye wish." she offered, just as a precaution. It would not be the first time her instincts had been wrong, but those times were rare.

"Oh, would you? I would very much appreciate that! Though if the creature does come, I would much rather you did not try to fight it, da? There is still the possibility that you could be hurt, especially if you are helping me. So we should both try and run for safety!"

Her smile grew into a smirk.

"Ye should worry about yerself mate, I've seen more than me fair share ofâ€| Dangerous things in me life. If the creature manages to appear tonight, I willna go down easy I promise ye." Again, she gauged his reaction before motioning with her head back into town.

"Lead the way, Ivan." She ordered, waiting for him to move.

With a small nod, he complied, stepping off toward his house. "Ah, I supposeâ€| But I could not bear the thought of you getting hurt simply for my sake. Especially not when you are so young! If anything, I would much rather see you make it out alright than meâ€"you are a Hunter! At least you are able to protect people, da? Show them they can be safe. I am of no use like you are; I cannot do

such things." Ivan didn't trust this girl as far as he could throw her. Each reaction of hers seemed more and more suspicious than the last. This was a game to both of them. A very dangerous, exciting game that he had no intentions of losing. Instead of keeping his back to the girl, he opted for walking beside her. Around this one, he wanted to make sure he could see her every move.

Her smile faltered slightly when he insisted on walking beside her. This one was smart. Very smart. And obviously didn't trust her. He would be an idiot otherwise. However, maintaining her friendly facade, she walked calmly. Never once did she take an eye off of him. She scoffed at the jab at her age.

"Me age is of no coincidence. If it were, then this being would have no qualms about facing someone like me. I reckon this one knows I am here, if they were as smart as I suspect," she paused to see his reaction, "they would leave. It does not do well fer anyone or anything to underestimate me. Doncha worry, Ivan. Ye're safe with me." As they passed more buildings, she bided her time. All she needed was the right opportunity and a signâ€¦

"I canna wait to see the city though, if there's one thing I hate, is being disappointed." she said, which in truth was not a lie; she did intend to see the city at some point.

Ivan resisted the urge to smirk when he saw that smile falter. Oh, how wonderful! Toying with prey could be such fun at times; their reactions never failed to disappoint. The feeling of those emerald eyes on his form was, if he had to say, rather annoying. But fitting; she would have been dead long ago if she had not learned how to do her job properly. And then where would he be now? Not having nearly as much fun as he could have been.

"Do we not all hate being disappointed, Victoria?" he asked, clasping his hands behind his back with a smile. His eyes briefly moved to the night sky again, settling on the outline of Ursa Minor.

"I seeâ€¦ That is all much too confusing for me; I would rather not deal with these creatures, especially if they are starting to think like we are. Which is why we best leave it to you and those properly trained, da? I just want to be able to walk around without worrying if something horrible is going to try and attack meâ€¦" The scoff caught his attention once again, bringing those steely violet orbs back to rest on her form. Her words brought a small smile to his lips.

"Age is always a coincidence; sometimes it is when trying to prove oneself great because of their age that they fallâ€¦ Though I hope you are right! I do feel much safer around you; thank you."

â€œSafe was anything but the word he would use.

This word game was getting irksome, but like any good hunter, she was patient. When he looked up at the sky for that one brief moment, she triggered the mechanism in her left sleeve to silently drop the blessed hidden blade so that the hilt rested on the foot of her palm; ready to be drawn at a moment's notice. Before he looked down again, she placed that arm on her hip and made it as if she were checking the calibration on her main weapon.

"All that is well and good, though you seem to be quite happy fer someone worried about what goes bump in the night." she said calmly, adding a teasing tone for good measure. "And ye sound as if ye speak from experienceâ€¦ though the same may be said for the old and ancient; those who are so certain in their knowledge and dead set in their ways can find themselves blindsided to things they canna expect." She smiled wider as she let the message sink into the tense atmosphere.

"Well you said you would protect me, da? So what reason do I have to be worried at this particular moment in time? Experience? Ah, I suppose you could say that? I know I did many foolish things when I was a child, trying to show the world that I could be an adult too. And of course; knowledge and familiarity can always be the final rocks that tip the scale unfavourably."

"Are we near yer house by any chance?" she asked, looking around ever so briefly. Where exactly was he leading her?

"Oh," he said as they turned a corner. "It is not far now!" When they turned the corner, her smirk grew as he turned his back for the one brief second.

"Good, I do have a job to do." she said, moving her right hand to finger her weapon again.

Ivan made sure she wouldn't be able to see the smirk playing out on his face. She caught on; she took the bait. Ah, this was turning out to be more fun than he had in awhile! He was certain he would enjoy every moment of this, though whether or not it would be more fun than his battle with the goddesses, wellâ€¦ That he wasn't so sure of. Though she would prove to be more fun than those previous victimsâ€¦ would she beg for her life too? The blade had stayed safely concealed, but the slight movement he caught out of the corner of his eye was all he needed. What were this one's weapons of choice, he briefly pondered, humming softly. Again, Ivan smirked, readying himself for whatever was to come next.

"I am sure you do," he said, stopping in front of a random building. Vicky stopped with him and looked around, her smile completely vanishing as every muscle in her body tensed up for what could happen next.

"So, I must thank you again." He clasped his hands behind his back and gave the girl a small nod to show his appreciation.

"This really means alot to me; I could not have imagined what would happen if you would have notâ€¦" Violet eyes narrowed darkly and in that instant, a wicked grin overtook his features. "â€¦Just stayed away!" All traces of his cheerful, human-like voice replaced by a low, feral growl that was anything but human. And in that instant, he swung his now clawed hand at the girl with every intent to hit and hit hard.

****AN: I am a cliff hanger sinner I know. Favorite, Follow, and Review for more!****

End
file.